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The Pilgrim's Shell

—OR— FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

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TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH
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PART II.—THE CRUSADE.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMIR'S PALACE.

The city of Marhala, like all others in the Orient, was crossed by narrow and sinuous streets, bordered with whitewashed houses, bearing narrow windows. Here and there the dome of a mosque or the top of a palm tree, planted in the middle of an interior court-yard, broke the uniformity of the straight lines formed by the terraces, that surrounded all the houses. Since about fifteen days, and after a murderous siege, the city of Marhala had fallen into the power of the army of the Crusaders, commanded by Bohemond, Prince of Taranto. The ramparts of the city, half torn down by the engines of war, presented at several places only a heap of ruins, from which a pestilential odor escaped, due to the decomposition of the Saracen bodies that were buried under the débris of the walls. The gate of Agra was one of the points most violently attacked by a column of Crusaders under the order of William IX, Duke of Aquitaine, and also most stubbornly defended by the garrison. Not far from the spot rose the palace of the Emir of Marhala, killed at the siege. According to the manner of the Crusaders, William had his standard raised over the door of the palace, of which he took possession.

Night was falling. Maria, a large wrinkled old woman, with a beaked nose, protruding chin, and clad in a long Saracen pelisse, sat crouched upon a kind of divan, furnished with cushions, in one of the lower halls of the Emir's palace. She had just issued the order to some invisible person: "Let the creature come in, I wish to examine her!"

The creature that came in was Perrette the Ribald, the mistress of Corentin the Gibbet-cheater. The young woman's complexion, now tanned by the sun, rendered still more striking the whiteness of her teeth, the coral tint of her lips and the fire of her eyes. The expression of her pretty face preserved its blithe effrontery. Her tattered costume was of both sexes. A turban of old yellow-and-red material partially covered her thick and curly hair; a waistcoat or caftan of pale green and open embroidery, the spoils of a Saracen and twice too large for her, served her for a robe. Held at the waist by a strip of cloth, the robe exposed the naked legs of the Ribald, together with her dusky feet, shod in shoddy sandals. She carried at the end of a small bundle of clothes. Upon entering the hall, Perrette said to the old woman deliberately: "I happened on the market place when an auction sale of booty was being conducted. An old woman, after eying me a long time, said to me: 'You seem to be the right kind of a girl. Would you like to exchange your rags for pretty clothes, and lead a merry life at the palace? Come with me.' I answered the old woman: 'March, I follow! Feastings and palaces are quite to my taste.'"

"You look to me to be a wide-awake customer."

"I'm eighteen years old. My name is Perrette the Ribald. That's what I am."

"Your name is written on your brazen brow. But are you good company? Not quarrelsome and not jealous?"

"The more I look upon you, honest matron, the surer I am of having seen you before. Did you not keep at Antioch the famous tavern of the Cross of Salvation?"

"You do not deceive yourself, my child."

"Ah, you must have made many a bag of gold besans in your holy brothel."

"What were you doing in Antioch, my pretty child?"

"I was in love . . . with the King!"

"You are bantering, my friend, there was no king in the Crusade."

"You forgot the King of the Vagabonds."

"What! The chief of those bandits, of those skinners, of those eaters of human flesh?"

"Before he became the king of the bandits, I loved him under the modest name of Corentin the Gibbet-cheater. Oh, what has become of him?"

"You must have left him?"

"One day I made a slip. I committed an infidelity towards him. I do not plume myself upon my constancy. I left the King of the Vagabonds for a duke."

"A duke of beggars?"

"No, no! A real duke. The handsomest of all the Crusaders. William IX."

"You were the mistress of the Duke of Aquitaine?"

"That was in Antioch, after the siege. William IX was crossing the market-place on horseback. He smiled, and reached his hand out to me. I placed my foot on the tip of his boot, with one jump I landed in front of his saddle, and he took me to his palace," and seeming to recall some droll incident, Perrette laughed out aloud.

"Are you laughing at some of your tricks?" asked the old shrew.

"On that same day when the Duke of Aquitaine took me on his horse, a very beautiful woman went by in a litter. At the sight of her he turned his horse and followed the litter. I, fearing he would drop me for the other woman, said to him: 'What a treasure of beauty is that Rebecca the Jewess, that has just gone by in a litter.' Ha! ha! ha! old lady," Perrette added, breaking out anew into roars of laughter. "Thanks to that lucky slander, my debauché turned about and galloped off to his own palace, fleeing from the litter no less frightened than if he had seen the devil. And so it happened that, at least for that one day, I kept my duke, and we spent the night together."

"I see. And what became of your king?"

"On the same evening of that adventure, he left Antioch with

his vagabonds on an expedition. I have not seen him since."

"Well, my little one, in default of your king, you will find your duke back. You are here in the house of William."

"Of the Duke of Aquitaine?"

"After the siege of the city, William took possession of the Emir's palace. He gives to-night a feast to several seigneurs, the flower of the Crusade. Almost all old customers of my tavern in Antioch: Robert Courte-House, Duke of Normandy; Heraclie, seigneur of Polignac; Bohemond, Prince of Taranto; Gerhard, Count of Roussillon; Burchard, seigneur of Montmorency; William, sire of Sabran; Radulf, seigneur of Haut-Poul, and many more merry blades, without counting the gentlemen of the cloth, and the tonsured lovers of pretty girls, of Cyprus wine and of dice."

"Is it for this one feast, you old mackerel, that you are engaging me?"

"You will remain in the palace until the departure of the army for Jerusalem, my gentle pupil and pearl of gay girls."

The entrance of a third woman interrupted the conversation between Maria and Perrette, who, uttering a short cry, ran to a miserably dressed young girl, just let in. "You here, Yolande?"

Yolande preserved her beauty, but her face had lost the charm of candor, that rendered her so touching when she and her mother implored Neroweg VI not to deprive them of their patrimony. The face of Yolande, alternately bold and gloomy, according as she brazened out or blushed at her degradation, at least gave token that she was conscious of her infamy. At sight of Perrette, who ran towards her with friendly eagerness, Yolande stepped back ashamed of meeting with the queen of the wenches. Perrette, reading on the countenance of the noble girl a mixture of embarrassment and disdain, said to her reproachfully: "You were not quite so proud when, ten leagues from Antioch, I kept you from dying of thirst and hunger! Oh, you put on airs! You have become haughty!"

"Why did I leave Gaul?" muttered Yolande with sorrowful contrition. "Though reduced to misery, at least I would not have known ignominy. I would not have become a courtesan! A curse upon you, Neroweg! By depriving me of the inheritance of my father, you caused my misfortune and shame!"

The girl, unable to repress her tears, hid her face in her hands, while Maria, who had attentively examined her, said to Perrette in an undertone: "Oh, the pretty legs of that girl! Do you know Yolande?"

"We left Gaul together, I on the arm of the Gibbet-cheater, Yolande at the crupper of her lover, Eucher. In Bohemia, Eucher was killed by the Bohemians who resisted us. Yolande, now a widow and alone, could not continue so long a journey without protection. From one protector to another, Yolande fell under the eyes of the handsome Duke of Aquitaine at Beirut in Syria. Later I found her riding on the road to Tripoli dying of hunger, thirst and fatigue——"

"And you came to my aid, Perrette," fell in Yolande, who, having dried her tears, overheard the words of the queen of the wenches. "You gave me bread and water to appease my hunger and thirst, and you saved my life."

"Come, my children, let's not have tears," remarked the matron. "Tears make old faces. You shall be taken to the baths of the Emir, where are assembled some of the most beautiful Saracen female slaves of that infidel dog."

At that moment an old woman, the same who had introduced Perrette and Yolande to the hall, came in roaring with laughter, and said to the other shrew: "Oh, Maria, what a find! A diamond in your brothel!"

"What makes you laugh that way?"

"A minute ago, coming back from casting my hook on the market-place,"—and she broke out laughing anew. Presently she proceeded: "And I found there—I found there—a diamond!"

"Finish your story!"

But the second old hag, instead of answering, disappeared for an instant behind the curtain that masked the door, and immediately re-appeared conducting Joan the Hunchback, who led by the hand the little Colombaik, no less exhausted than herself from privations and fatigue. To all cruel hearts the poor woman, indeed, was a laughable sight. Her long, tangled hair, half tumbling over her face, fell upon her bare shoulders, dusty like her breast, arms and legs. Her clothing consisted of shreds, fastened around her waist with a band of plaited reeds, so that her sad deformity was exposed in all its nudity. Joan had stripped herself of the rags that constituted the bodice of her robe in order to wrap the feet of Colombaik, flayed to the quick by his long tramp across the burning sands. The quarryman's wife, sad and broken down, quietly followed the shrew, and daring not to raise her eyes, while the latter did not cease laughing.

"What sort of thing is that you bring me there?" cried out the couple. "What do you want to do with that monster?"

"A first-class joke," replied the other, finally overcoming her hilarity. "We shall rig out this villain in some grotesque costume, leaving her hump well exposed, and we shall present this star of beauty to the noble seigneurs. They will split their sides with laughter. Imagine this darling in the midst of a bevy of pretty girls. Would you not call that a diamond?"

"Ha, ha, ha! An excellent idea!" the matron rejoined, now laughing no less noisily than her assistant. "We shall place upon her head a turban of peacock feathers; we shall ornament her hump with all sorts of gew-gaws. Ha, ha! How those dear seigneurs will be amused. It will pay us well!"

"That's not all, Maria. My find is doubly good. Look at this marmot. It is a little cupid. Everyone to his taste!"

"He is certainly sweet, despite his leanness, and the dust that his features are stained with. His little face is attractive."

Seized with compassion at the sight of Joan and her child, Yolande had not shared in the cruel mirth of the two shrews. But Perrette, less tender, had broken out into a loud roar, when suddenly struck by a sudden recollection, and attentively eyeing Joan, against whom Colombaik, no less confused and uneasy than his mother, was cuddling closely, the queen of the wenches cried out: "By all the Saints of Paradise! Did you not inhabit in Gaul one of the villages of a neighboring seigniory of Anjou?"

"Yes," answered the poor woman in a weak voice, "we started from there on the Crusade."

"Do you remember a young girl and a tall scamp who wanted to carry you along to Palestine?"

"I remember," answered Joan, regarding Perrette with astonishment; "but I managed to escape those wicked people."

"Rather say those 'good people,' because the young woman was myself, and the tall scamp my lover, Corentin. We wanted to take you to the Holy Land, assuring you that you would be exhibited for money! Now, then, by the faith of the queen of the wenches! confess, Yolande, that I am a mighty prophetess!"

added Perrette, turning to her companion. But the latter re-

proachfully answered her: "How have you the courage to mock a mother in the presence of her child?"

These words seemed to make an impression upon Perrette. She checked her laughter, relapsed into a brooding silence, and seemed touched by the fate of Joan, while Yolande addressed the woman kindly: "Poor, dear woman, how did you allow your self to be brought here with your child? You cannot know what place this is. You are in a house of prostitution."

"I arrived in this city with a troop of pilgrims and Crusaders, who, by a miracle, escaped, like myself and son, a sand-spout that buried, a fortnight ago, so many travelers under the sands of the desert. I had sat down with my son under the shadow of a wall, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, when yonder woman," and Joan pointed to the shrew, "after long looking at me, said to me charitably: 'You seem to be very much tired out, you and your child. Will you follow me? I shall take you to a holy woman of great piety.' It was an unlooked-for piece of good luck to me," added Joan. "I put faith in the words of this woman, and I followed her hither."

"Alack! You have fallen into a hateful trap. They propose to make sport of you," Yolande replied in a low voice. "Did you not hear those two shrews?"

"I care little. I shall submit to all humiliation, all scorn, provided food and clothing be given to my child," rejoined Joan in accents that betokened both courage and resignation. "I will suffer anything upon condition that my poor child may rest for a while, recover himself and regain his health. Oh, he is now doubly dear to me——"

"Did you lose his father?"

"He remained, undoubtedly, buried in the sand," answered Joan, and like Colombaik, she could not restrain her tears at the memory of Fergan. "When the sand-spout broke over us, I felt myself blinded and suffocated. My first movement was to take my child in my arms. The ground opened under my feet and I lost consciousness. I remember nothing after that."

"But how did you reach this city, poor woman?" asked the queen of the wenches, interested by so much sweetness and resignation. "The road is long across the desert, and you seem too feeble to sustain the fatigues of such a journey."

"When I regained consciousness," answered Joan, "I was lying in a wagon, near an old man who sold provisions to the Crusaders. He took pity upon me and my child, having found us in a dying condition, half buried under the sand. Surely my husband perished. The old man told me he saw other victims near us when he picked us up. Unfortunately the mule to which the wagon of the charitable man was hitched died of fatigue ten leagues from Marhala. Compelled to remain on the road and to abandon the troop of pilgrims, our protector was killed trying to protect his provisions against the stragglers. They pillaged everything, but they did not harm us. We followed them, fearing to lose our way. I carried my child on my back when he found himself unable to walk. It was thus that we arrived in this city. It is a sad story!"

"But your husband may yet, like you, have escaped death. Do not despair," observed Yolande.

"If he escaped that danger, it was probably to fall into a greater, for the seigneur of Plouernel——"

"The seigneur of Plouernel!" exclaimed Yolande interrupting Joan, "do you know that scoundrel?"

"We were serfs in his seigniory. It is from the country of Plouernel that we departed for the Holy Land. Accident made us meet with the seigneur count shortly before the sand-spout burst upon us. My husband and he fought——"

"And did he not kill Neroweg?"

"No, he yielded to my prayers."

"What, pity for Neroweg, Worse than a Wolf!" exclaimed Yolande in an explosion of rage and hatred. "Oh, I am but a woman! But I would have stabbed him to the heart without remorse! The monster!"

"What did he do to you?"

"He deprived me of the inheritance of my father, and, falling from shame to shame, I have become the companion of the queen of the wenches."

"Oh, mademoiselle Yolande," remarked Perrette, returning to her cynic quips, "will you ever remain proud?"

"I?" answered the young woman with a sad and bitter smile. "No, no! Pride is not allowed me. You are the queen. I am one of your humble subjects."

"Come, come, my daughters!" said the matron. "The day declines. Go to the baths of the Emir. As to you, my beauty," proceeded the devilish shrew, addressing Joan, "as to you, we shall rig you up, we shall perfume you, and above all we shall have your hump radiate with matchless lustre."

"You may do with me what you please, when you will have given my child wherewithal to appease his hunger and thirst. He must recover his strength, he must sleep. I shall not leave him one instant."

"Be easy, my star of beauty, you shall remain at his side, nor shall your child want for anything. We shall pay due attention to him."

CHAPTER IV.

ORGIES OF THE CRUSADERS.

The interior court-yard of the palace of the Emir, of Marhala, presented that evening a fairy aspect. The court was a perfect square. Along the four sides ran a wide gallery of Moorish ogives carved with trifoil and supported by low pillars of rose-colored marble. Between each column and into the court, large vases of Oriental alabaster filled with flowers served as pedestals to gilded candelabra holding torches of perfumed wax. Mosaics of various colors ornamented the floor of the galleries. The ceilings and walls disappeared under white arabesques chiseled on a purple background. Soft silken divans reclined against the walls, pierced with several ogive doors that were half closed with curtains fringed with pearls. These doors led to the interior apartments. At each corner of the galleries, gilded cages with silver bars held the rarest birds of Arabia, on whose plumage were mirrored the glint of the ruby, the emerald and the azure sapphire. In the center of the court a jet of crystalline water shot up from a large porphyry vase, falling back in a brilliant spray, and producing the murmur of a perpetual cascade as the water overflowed into a broad basin, from whose marble rim rose another circle of large and gilded candelabra, similar to those along the galleries. This refreshing fountain, sparkling with light, served as central ornament to a low table that wound around the basin and was covered with a cloth of embroidered silk. On it glistened the magnificent gold and silver vessels, carried from Gaul by the Duke of Aquitaine, and the rich spoils taken from the Saracens: goblets and de-

canters studded with precious stones, large amphoras filled with wine of Cyprus and Greece, huge gold platters on which were displayed Phoenician peacocks, Asiatic pheasants, quarters of Syrian antelopes and mutton, Byzantine hams, heads of the wild boar of Zion, and pyramids of fruit and confectionery. The banquet hall had for its dome the starry vault. The night was calm and serene; not a breath of wind agitated the flames of the torches.

But the tumult of an orgie resounded at this sumptuous table, around which, seated or reclining upon couches, feasted the guests of William IX. Distinguished above all and occupying the place of honor, was the legate of the Pope; then followed, to the right and left of the Duke

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The lance's iron was not then found. But Peter Barthelmy, moved by a new inspiration of Saint Andrew, threw himself into the hole, dug in it with his nails, and finally did discover the iron of the holy lance. To-morrow, the deacon is to walk across a burning pyre, in order to demonstrate, in plain view of all, the virtue of that precious relic, that will render him inseparable to the flames. The miracle is assured—"

"A truce with your idle talk!" said William, interrupting the legate. "Halloo, there, cup-bearers, equeires, bring the dice, the checks, my casket of gold, and fetch in the dancers. After a banquet, there's nothing like a cup in one hand, the dice in the other, and beautiful girls in sight, dancing, naked or in gauze!"

"To the game, to the game!" cried the Crusaders. "Equerries, fetch the dice, bring in the dancers and withdraw!"

The orders of the Duke of Aquitaine were executed. The domestics of his household placed under the galleries and near the divans little Saracen tables of sculptured ivory, on which they laid the checks and dice. The Crusaders, in keeping with their unbridled passion for gambling, had provided themselves with fat purses of gold besants, now handed to them by their lackeys. During the tumult due to the preparations for the games and the removal of the seigneurs from the tables to the divans under the gallery, Azenor, her features distorted by the tortures of jealousy, convulsively grasped the arm of the Duke of Aquitaine, who at that moment was opening a casket filled with gold, and whispered to him in a hollow and excited voice: "William, you gave the order to bring in women hardly clad and even naked!"

"That's so, my charmer, and you heard the grateful applause of my guests!"

"Who are those women?"

"Dancers, the joy of banqueters after a feast. Beauties who have nothing to refuse—"

"Whence come they?"

"From the land of marvels, India!"

"Take care! Do not drive me to extremes! Hell burns in my heart! Woe is me! Those creatures here, and under my very eyes? You know that jealousy turns me crazy!"

The Duke of Aquitaine answered his mistress with bantering nonchalance, and drew near a group of seigneurs who were looking at a troop of girls that had just burst into the banquet hall. Noticeable above all were Perrette and Yolande, the former always brazen and challenging. Already the Crusaders, inflamed with wine and amorousness, acclaimed the troop with cries of vulgar license, when Maria announced in a loud voice: "One moment, noble seigneurs, reserve your enthusiasm for the treasure of youth, of beauty and of charms that I hold under this veil and who is about to dazzle your charmed eyes!"

Saying this, the shrew pointed to a confused form, hidden under a long white veil that trailed on the floor. Astonishment and curiosity calmed for a moment the impure ardor of the Crusaders. A deep silence ensued. The eyes of all sought to penetrate the semi-transparency of the veil, when suddenly the Duke of Aquitaine cried out: "Gentlemen, it is my opinion that that aster of beauty must be the reward of that cavalier who displayed the greatest valor at the siege of Marhala!"

"Yes, yes!" responded the Crusaders. "That's right! That treasure must be the prize of the most valorous!"

"I shall not, then, be gainsaid by any," proceeded the Duke of Aquitaine, "when I proclaim that Heracle, the seigneur of Polignac, showed himself the bravest among the brave at the siege of this city." Cries of approval received William's words, who went on saying: "Heracle, seigneur of Polignac, yours is that treasure of beauty! Yours alone the privilege of unveiling that radiant aster that will dazzle us all!"

The seigneur of Polignac eagerly broke through the group of Crusaders, while Perrette exclaimed banteringly, affecting despair: "Oh, cruel man, you leave me for a miraculous beauty!" and catching the eye of William she cried out: "My handsome duke will console me for all my sorrows!"

"By Venus!" said William in great glee, "welcome to you, my ribald! Come to my arms, and all sensuous pleasure along with you!"

"Your Azenor will strangle me!"

"The devil take Azenor! Long live Love!"

During this short dialogue between the Duke of Aquitaine and Perrette, the seigneur of Polignac had approached the veiled woman, and raised the gauze that concealed from the eyes of all the prize of the most valiant. The surprise and discomfiture of the Crusaders were first expressed by mute stupor. Before them stood poor Joan the Hunchback, on her head an enormous red turban stuck with peacock's feathers, and a short skirt of the same color on her body, fastened at her waist and completely exposing her sad deformity. By her side, little Colombaik pressed himself close to her mother, and was dressed in a flowing tunic, his hair curled and perfumed, but his eyes and ears covered by a

bandage. "I consent to serve as your toy, to endure all humiliations, seeing you have promised to provide for my child and not to separate me from him," were the words of Joan to Maria before lending herself to this cruel buffoonery; "but I insist, in the name of my dignity as mother, in the name of my child's chastity, to cover his eyes and ears, that he may not be a witness of his mother's degradation."

At sight of Joan the Hunchback, the Crusaders, first stupefied, soon broke out in loud peals of laughter, which were redoubled by the disappointment that Heracle of Polignac seemed to labor under. Still under the effects of his discomfiture, he gazed open-mouthed at Joan.

At that moment, livid, her features distorted with jealousy, Azenor was running from one Crusader to another, asking where William had gone to. But the seigneurs, half intoxicated and unconcerned at the sufferings of the love-sick woman, answered her with jests. "Let's carry the hunchback in triumph!" exclaimed several voices in the midst of deafening peals of laughter.

Joan paled with fear. Resigned beforehand to all sorts of jests and humiliations, she had not foreseen such an excess of indignity. Trembling and distracted, the poor woman dropped upon her knees and holding her child in her arms, she muttered amid sobs: "My poor child! Why did we not die with your father in the sands of the desert?" Already, despite Joan's tears, the Crusaders were seizing her, when a great uproar broke out in one of the chambers that opened into the gallery. Immediately, menacing and terrible to behold, Fergan the Quarryman threw himself into the middle of the hall armed with a cudgel and calling out loudly to Joan and Colombaik.

"Fergan!" "Father!" the woman and the child cried out together. At the sound of their voices, Fergan rushed across the group of Crusaders swinging his heavy stick and distributing such hard blows before him to the right and to the left, that the seigneurs, stunned and frightened, retreated precipitately before the serf. Beating his way through them, Fergan joined at last his wife and child, and pressed them to his heart in a passionate embrace. The domestics, thrown down, trodden under foot and half killed by Fergan, rose out of breath and explained to the seigneurs: "We were standing at the gate, playing chuck-farthing, when this madman ran up to us from the direction of the market-place. He asked us whether a hunchback and her child had been taken to the palace. 'Yes,' said we, 'and just now they are the amusement of the noble guests of our seigneur, the Duke of Aquitaine.' The madman then threw himself upon us, ran through the gate of the palace, struck us with his cane, and got here."

"He must be hanged on the spot!" the Duke of Normandy cried out. "These pillars will do for a gibbet. Fetch cords!"

"That bandit has dared to threaten us with his cudgel! He deserves the gallows!"

"Death to the criminal! Death!" cried out the Crusaders, now recovered from their first stupor, "Death to the vagabond!"

"But where is the Duke of Aquitaine? No one can be hanged here without his consent."

"He disappeared with the queen of the wenches. But his absence should not delay the execution of this wretch. When he returns he will find the vagabond hanging high and dry. William will ratify the sentence, and approve it."

"I shall give my belt for a rope."

After embracing his wife and child, Fergan took in at a glance the gravity of the situation, and observed that the seigneurs were not armed. Profiting by their first surprise, he had his wife and child climb on the banquet table and ordered them to stand with their backs against the marble edge of the basin. Thereupon, placing himself before them, his heavy cudgel in hand, he made ready for a desperate defence. But still wishing to try a last means of escape, he addressed the Crusaders, who were about to assault him: "For pity's sake, let me depart from this palace with my wife and child!"

"Listen to the bandit, praying for mercy! Quick! Let one of these pillars serve him for a gibbet. Swing a rope around his neck!"

"You may hang me!" cried out the serf in despair, "but more than one of you will have to fall under my cudgel!"

The threat rekindled the fury of the Crusaders. Already, braving the rapid swing of Fergan's cudgel, several seigneurs were rushing forward to seize the serf, when suddenly the braying of clarions was heard from afar, together with loud and nearing cries of: "To arms! The Saracens are upon us! To arms! To the ramparts!" Several men-at-arms of the Duke of Aquitaine rushed into the hall, sword in hand, and calling out: "The Saracens have probed by the night to surprise the city. They have entered near the gate of Agra by the breach that we made. They are fighting on the ramparts. To arms, seigneurs, to arms! Duke of Aquitaine, to arms!" Hardly had these men-at-arms pronounced the name of the duke in the midst of the increasing tumult caused by the announcement of this unforeseen attack, than William IX. appeared, his clothes in disorder, coming out of one of the chambers that opened into the gallery. He was pale and terror-stricken, and held in his hands a parchment, while he cried in a terrified voice: "A Jewess! A Jewess! Damnation!"

"William, arm yourself!" his companions called out to him, well be increased from \$1.50 to \$3, and yet the exploitation of the workers is keener and the capitalists are piling up more and more surplus value. The principal new methods of exploitation are, therefore, intensification of toil and woman and child labor. The latter phrase needs explanation.

Child labor existed, indeed, in all its horrors in the previous stage, but the children then performed certain work which is now practically done by machinery, such as sewing in bands and buttons, carrying things from room to room, etc. To-day the children tend machines which turn out work which formerly skilled mechanics did. Thus child labor has become a new and very important factor in the exploitation of labor. Hence, we are confronted with the startling fact that, according to United States statistics for 1890, the working class of this country received in wages only 17 1/2 per cent. of its own products while 82 1/2 per cent. went to the capitalists as profits.

During this status the division of labor undergoes further development. The branches of industry are subdivided and re-subdivided. For example, there may now be a lamp glass factory in Penru-

as they precipitately rushed out with the men-at-arms. "The Saracens are attacking the city! Let's run to the ramparts! To arms!"

"A Jewess!" repeated the Duke of Aquitaine with eyes fixed, his brow bathed in perspiration, and seeming neither to hear nor to see his companions in arms. Perceiving the legate of the Pope, William threw himself on his knees at the feet of the prelate: "Holy father, have pity upon me! I am damned! While I was chatting with the queen of the wenches, Azenor entered the chamber where we were and, holding out this parchment, said to me she was a Jewess, and that the parchment, written in Hebrew, furnished the proof. I have been a miserable sinner. Holy father, have pity upon me! I am damned! Mercy for my soul! Upon my knees I ask you for absolution!"

CHAPTER V.

THE KING OF THE VAGABONDS.

At dawn, the sun rose over the plain that surrounds the city of Marhala, surprised at night by the Saracens and defended by the Crusaders. The infidels, relying more on their audacity than on their numbers, perished almost to a man in the assault. Only a small number of prisoners were taken. The approaches of the breach in the ramparts, not far from the gate of Agra, through which the Saracens sought to surprise the city, disappeared under a heap of corpses. Clouds of vultures hovered over that abundant quarry, but dared not yet let themselves down on it. Men of prey were ahead of the birds.

These men, wholly naked, red and dripping blood, and hideous to behold, went and came like geniuses of death in the midst of that field of carnage. They would seize the body of a Saracen, strip it of its clothes, roll that in a bundle, and then, kneeling over the naked corpse, they pried open its jaws, rigid in death, carefully felt about in its mouth and under its tongue; finally, with the aid of long knives, they would cut open the corpse's gut, chest and bowels, whose intestines they then pulled out and examined. Their faces, hands and members streaming blood, these demons were under the command of a chief. He gave orders and directed their sacrilegious profanations. They called him their king. It was Corentin the Gibbet-cheater, become chief of the vagabonds. His seneschal, one-time serf of the seignior of Plouernel, was the identical Bacon-cutler, who, with a blow of his pitchfork had thrown Garin the Serf-eater from his horse just before the latter was butchered by the villagers.

The King of the Vagabonds and his seneschal gave token of rare dexterity in their shocking trade. The two had just seized, one by the head the other by the feet, the corpse of a young Saracen. His face, his rich raiment, hacked by sabre blows, the bodies of several Crusaders stretched on either side of him—all bespoke the fierce resistance the warrior must have offered. "Oh, oh!" said the King of the Vagabonds, "that dog must have been some chieftain, it can be seen by his embroidered green caftan. Great pity that his dress is so slashed to pieces; it might have served as a mantle for Perrette."

"You still think of the Ribald?" asked the Bacon-cutler, helping Corentin to strip the Saracen of his clothes; "your Perrette is in the Paradise of the wenches, on the crupper of some canon, or in the harem of some emir."

"Seneschal, Perrette would leave Paradise, an emir or a canon if the Gibbet-cheater took her to Comac. Our corpse is now naked. Make a bundle of the clothes. They will find purchasers in the market-place of Marhala. Now that we have taken the peel from this Syrian fruit," he added, pointing to the dead body, "let's open it. It is inside that the precious almonds must be looked for, such as besants of gold and precious stones. Give me your knife. I wish to sharpen it against mine. The blade of mine has been dulled on the gullet of that old Saracen yonder with the white beard. The devil! His cartilage was as tough as that of an old goat," and while his seneschal was bundling up some clothes, the King of the Vagabonds sharpened his knife, casting upon the corpses strewn around him looks of satisfied covetousness, and remarked: "That's what it means to get up early in the morning. After their night's fight, the Crusaders have gone to sleep. When they will come to plunder the dead, we shall be at the dice!"

"Great King! It is an easy matter to rise early if one has not gone to bed. We arrived in time to gather the harvest on this field of carnage."

"Will you, vagabonds, still reproach me for having induced you to leave the fortress of the Marquis of Jaffa?" replied the king, continuing to sharpen his knife. "Think of lying in a stronghold in order to play the brigand in Palestine! It was folly!"

"And yet, many of those new seigneurs who have left themselves down in the Holy Land as dukes, marquises, counts and barons, begin everywhere, just as they used to in Gaul, to ply the trade of highwaymen on the mainroads."

"With this difference, seneschal, that there are no high roads here, and hardly anybody to rob. One must roam over ten or twelve miles of sand or rocks in order to meet a few thin troops of travelers, who, instead of kindly allowing themselves to be

plundered, like the townsmen and merchants of Gaul, but too often strike back, show their teeth and use them too."

"Great King! You speak wisely. Indeed, during those two months spent with the Marquis of Jaffa, we made but two sorry finds. At one of these, by the faith of the Bacon-cutler, we were warmly curried and rudely beaten, and all for almost nothing."

"In exchange, this fine Saracen quarry awaited us this morning at the gates of Marhala. Our work done, we shall take a dip in the fountain sheltered by yonder cluster of date trees. Thanks to the bath, we, who are now red as skinned eels, shall become again white as little doves, after which, having but to take the pick of these Saracen wardrobes, and our pouches well filled, we shall make our royal entry in the best tavern of Marhala."

"Where, mayhap, you will find again your queen, tapping for the customers and sleeping with them."

"May heaven hear you, seneschal, and may the devil grant me my prayers! Now, quick to work. The sun is rising. We are naked and run the risk of being roasted by the sun before we are through. The bath first, the feast afterwards."

"That word 'roasting' reminds me that this young Saracen is plump and of good muscle. In due time, what a fine mess would not a fillet of his large loins and round calves make, seasoned with some aromatic herbs and a pinch of saffron! Do you remember, among other ragouts, the head of that old sahib of the mountain, boiled with a certain peppery sauce?"

"Seneschal, my friend; you are altogether too talkative. Instead of incessantly opening your mouth, whence flow only vain words, open that of this Saracen, and perhaps beautiful besants of gold or diamond of Bossorai may roll out."

It was a shocking spectacle, like the violation of a sepulchre. The King of the Vagabonds took the head of the corpse between his knees, while the Bacon-cutler tried to force open the rigid jaws of the dead body. Unable to do so he said to Corentin:

"That dog of an infidel must have been in a rage at the moment of expiring. His teeth are clenched like a vice."

"And that embarrasses you, you gosling? Insert the blade of your knife between his teeth, flat, then turn it round. That will separate the jaws sufficiently to be able to insert your fingers." And while the Bacon-cutler was conducting his abominable researches obedient to the directions of Corentin, the latter remarked with a ferocious sneer: "Oh, ye miscreant Saracens, you have the malignity of hiding in the hollow of your cheeks gold pieces and precious stones, and even of swallowing them, to the end of depriving the soldiers of Christ of those riches!"

"Nothing!" exclaimed the seneschal with disappointment and interrupting the king, "nothing in the cheeks and nothing under the tongue."

"Have you felt carefully?"

"I have felt and felt over again, everywhere. Perhaps during this night's battle, some foxy Crusader, like a man of experience, have seized the throat of this Saracen at the moment when he was expiring and may thus have caused him to spit out the gold he was hiding in his mouth. Provided that dog did not swallow it all down."

"The scamp was capable of doing that. Feel about in his throat. After that we shall sound the chest and bowels." So said, so done. The two monsters put the corpse through a shocking butchery. Finally their ferocious cupidity was satisfied. After a series of revolting profanations, they withdrew from the bleeding intestines of the corpse three diamonds, a ruby and five besants of gold, small thick pieces but barely the size of a denier. While the two vagabonds were finishing their ghastly work, black clouds of thick and nauseous smoke rose from a pyre, started close by, by the other vagabond, with green branches of turpentine tree. These fellows, instead of disemboweling the corpses, burned them, in order to look among the ashes for the gold and precious stones which the Saracens might have swallowed. These monstrosities having been gone through, the vagabonds proceeded to the neighboring spring where they washed their bloody bodies, and donned their clothes again, or decked themselves with the spoils of the Saracens. The booty was then divided—clothes, arms, turbans, shoes—and they wended their steps towards the gate of Agra. At the moment of entering the city, the King of the Vagabonds, mounting a heap of ruins, said to his men, who gathered around him: "Vagabonds! my sons and beloved subjects! We are about to enter Marhala, with booty on back and byzants in pocket. I expect, I will it, I order it, in the name of wine, dice and wenches, that, before leaving Marhala, we shall have become again as beggarly as the vagabonds that we are! Never forget our rule: 'A true vagabond, twenty-four hours after a pillage, must have nothing left but his skin and his knife.' He who keeps a denier becomes cold to the quarry. He is expelled from my kingdom!"

"Yes, yes! Long live our King! Three cheers for wine, dice and wenches!" responded the bandits. "The devil take the vagabond, who, rich to-day, keeps for the morrow aught but his skin and his knife! Long live our great King, Corentin the Gibbet-cheater!"

And the savage troop marched towards the gate of Agra and entered the city of Marhala shouting and singing: "Glory to the brave Crusaders!"

(To be Continued.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

When capitalism had once entered fully upon machine production the progress was rapid, in fact it went at breakneck speed. What does this imply? Simply that the surplus value extracted by the capitalists from the workers kept continually growing in quantity. Now there were originally only two ways of doing this: lengthening hours and reducing wages. Manufacture suggested a third, namely, increased productiveness of labor by the simplification of the labor process. Nevertheless, long hours and low wages were resorted to by the manufacturers in order for them to hold their own; in fact, we saw that these methods were indeed carried so far that any further attempts would threaten the very existence of the working class, might, to use an old adage, "kill the hen that laid the golden egg." On the other hand, during the industrial stage, the hours of labor have decreased, so that to-day, in many branches, they are actually

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888.....	2,068
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	36,504
In 1900.....	34,191
In 1904.....	53,763

It is not the man who talks about what might have been done, but the man who proceeds to do what can be done, whose usefulness counts. In which class are you? Figure it out and take heed.

ONCE MORE, THE REFERENDUM.

There is sometimes danger that the recurrence of a fact, so far from teaching, has the effect of habituating the mind to the thing, until it acquires the force of "inevitable," and its lesson is lost.

The returns of the suffrage on propositions submitted to a popular vote are of this kind. There is danger that the lesson they teach and the light they throw upon the reformers' cry for the referendum will be lost. All the more urgent is the emphasizing of the lesson.

On the 16th instant, the city of Philadelphia was to pass upon a loan proposal involving \$16,000,000. Rarely was a vote so slight as on this occasion. Indifference marked the election. Here in New York, we have had referendum votes on canals, even on the constitution of the State. Not at all wonderful to say, on neither question was there any evidence of deep interest. Just the reverse. The vote on these propositions lagged far behind the totals for candidates. And so everywhere else. And it is natural; but natural tho' it be, the important lesson the fact teaches seems to be wholly lost upon the reformer.

The referendum is a weapon or tool of civilized society. Capitalist conditions are uncivilized. The structure of capitalist society is built along the plumb of strife; it is reared on the cornerstone of conflict; it is inspired by the breath of hostility between man and man and woman and child. The legislation that springs from such sources is and must be essentially complicated. No law can be enacted, and none repealed, but dovetails into every nook and corner of legislation and of social interests. Such conditions are to-day irrational; they are uncivilized; so long as they last they exclude the essence of the principle on which the referendum rests, to wit, brotherly, harmonious social relations.

The ballot is a tool and not a magic wand. It can do no more than those who wield it have intelligence to wield it with. It is an honest acknowledgment on the part of the masses that they can not pass judgment on these referendums, when we see the masses leaving them alone. And how could the masses be fit to judge in such matters, when lawyers, who have nothing else to do but study the law, are themselves so much at sea that wrangle is the law of their existence! Existing conditions necessarily remove legislation from the masses, and compel a reduction of the ballot to the minimum, that is, instead of passing upon legislation, it feels fitter to pass upon the legislator. As well try to sow a sail with a silk needle, or a silk cloth with a bobbin as seek to wield the bobbin of the referendum on the tangled, flimsy web of capitalist society.

To-day, the simple ballot for candidates is the only tool applicable and wieldable. Once expert in its handling, the people can oust therewith the representatives of capitalism from their political fastnesses; sweep aside the craggy bulk of capitalist legislation and interests; and establish a rational social system. Then the referendum will be applicable, and then, not before, will it be available.

Until then, the reformer—the honest one—is putting the cart before the horse; like his sociologic twin the Greenbacker, who aims at Socialist money—a consequence of Socialist production—before Socialist production is in vogue, the referendumist is aiming at the Socialist ballot, before Socialist society is established.

MARK HANNA.

With the death of Mark Hanna a monumental figure is removed from the stage of American history.

What Mark Hanna might have been, under conditions other than the complex ones of capitalist society, it is not difficult to guess from the combined qualities displayed in his career, and which, though they mark him a distinguished figure, certainly marred his special gifts for good, dwarfing all and in their combination producing a prodigy—such as it was.

Had his lot been to be born among barbarians, Mark Hanna would have been a strong-fisted, physically bold yet shrewd Ghengis Khan.—The man had all the latent fibre of physical daring.

Had his lot been to be born in a period and a nation of intellectual repose and culture, Mark Hanna would have been a learned man, and a profound thinker.—The man had all the latent powers of the mind.

Had his lot been to be born in, or thrown into frontier life, the chances are even that Mark Hanna would have been found either at the head of Vigilantes committees, or at the head of the bandits, the objects of the vigilantes' solicitude.—The man had the latent instinct of the bloodhound and the wolf.

Had his lot thrown him into the ranks of the Greeks after Kunaxa, Mark Hanna would have taken the place of Xenophon.—The man had the latent power of the high grade organizer.

Had his lot thrown him into the requisite company, time and atmosphere, greater Utahs would have risen at the wave of Mark Hanna's wand.—The man had the latent idealism to conceive the building of nations.

As it was, Mark Hanna's lot threw him into capitalist society—American capitalist society, at that,—where none of the noble and all the ignoble qualities, evoked by the above-named conditions, are the atmosphere for the "survival of the fittest." The result was that the latent good was marred in Hanna, and produced, together with the latent bad that now was "fittest" for development, the prodigy that he was.

Hanna, instead of physical daring developed the daring of the Jerry Sneak; instead of learning, developed low cunning; instead of broadly constructive he became corrodingly selfish; instead of noble, he became callous to wrong. With these qualities, expanded by whatever was left of his better part, Mark Hanna naturally became the undisputed and admired and trusted head of our modern filibusters—the American capitalists—combining in his person the essential qualities that none other possessed—at least not to the extent that he did. And thus, with one foot on the political, the other on the industrial field of capitalism, Hanna rose like a Colossus of Rhodes—a mighty guide to his class.

Well may they mourn their loss.

LABOR AS "CONSUMER."

The educational value, or, to be strictly correct, harmfulness of "Appeal to Reason" arguments is illustrated in frightful colors in that paper's issue of the 6th instant.

In Euclid's geometry there is a problem that has come down through the benches of colleges by the name of the "donkeys' bridge."

The problem is not difficult in itself, it is rather plain;

nevertheless, seeing it requires a certain degree of mental concentration, most pupils stumble and fall over it. Hence its name.

"What that Euclid 'donkeys' bridge'" is in geometry, the "Consumers' problem" may be said to be in economics.

So easy it is to stumble and fall over that problem, otherwise so plain, that all the scheming politicians and official professors in the land are engaged in rendering the "bridge" more slippery than it naturally is.

And of course in mass

the people fall over it. This fact renders all the more imperative the strictest of Socialist treatment of the question.

Any looseness on that head simply plays into the hands of the capitalist mental misleaders.

The working class are not concerned in the question of consumption.

It is not as consumers, but as producers that the workingmen are fleeced.

Only the capitalist class and its ushbarrel appendage,

the middle class, who produce nothing and consume only, are interested in consumption.

To these property-holding classes cheapness is vital.

The less that costs them which they consume, the more wealth they have left over to turn into capital.

Not so with Labor. LABOR IS SKINNED IN THE FACTORY.

It is there that it is plucked.

Being plucked, being left with a pittance, its consumption is reduced proportionally.

Labor's CONSUMPTION is a consequence of what happens to him as PRODUCER.

A pictorial presentation of the system by

which the capitalist plunders the work-

man must, accordingly, represent the

latter in the shop and shop only—THERE having the capitalists' hands sticking in his pockets, or their vampire tentacles sucking his life-blood.

This notwithstanding, the "Appeal to Reason" has a garish picture in which a stalwart workingman pours in wealth at one end of a zig-zagging funnel, a number of fat capitalists tapping the funnel's elbows out of showers of dollars, and the identical workingman, labeled "Labor the consumer" distractedly and emaciatedly standing at the lowest end of the funnel, receiving THERE his WAGES as CONSUMER,—the pail into which his solitary dollar falls is labeled WAGES.

The capitalists need not feel alarmed at such cartoons, however grotesque the figures in which they are represented. So long as the working class' eyes can be drawn to and kept fixed upon the CON-

SUMER'S end of the social funnel, there will be no danger to capitalist society. It is the same old story that appears and disappears periodically, now in the garb of cheaper or "plentiful money," now in the garb of "free trade," now in the garb of cheap gas and rides as "municipalization," now in the garb of "lower taxes," and so forth—the fallacy of "consumption" as an issue to Labor. Let Labor have the full product of its toil IN THE SHOP, as PRODUCER, and his CONSUMPTION will take care of itself. On the contrary, turn his nose towards the consumer's problem and his energies will be misdirected—as were and are the energies of all the workingmen who fall into the "municipalization," "free silver," "lower taxes," "free trade" etc., quagmires, to the prolongation of capitalism.

The system of capitalist robbery is centered in the shop—the question is one of PRODUCTION, not of consumption. Thereby hang all the prophets and the law,—the guard against capitalist chicanery to mislead, to boot.

HEARST, THE NEMESIS.

There is more than one symptom that our free-trade, Manchester school of capitalists are beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable on the Hearst presidential boom. At first they laughed; then they called it a myth; then they grew more serious and began to refer to it as a mystery. They certainly neither laugh nor feel mystified now. With endorsements pouring in upon Mr. Hearst from Unions and even from bankers, as in the instance of C. M. Williamson of Jackson, Miss., pronouncing Mr. Hearst "the man of the hour," our Manchester capitalists have sat down to serious work, at last.

They started an anti-Hearst

evening paper here in New York, and now they are engineering a strike of newsboys against Mr. Hearst's papers.

Both moves are expensive manoeuvres—it costs much money to take hold of such a paper, more yet to keep such a paper going, and still more to line the pockets of the fakirs expert on launching strikes.

Whether these moves will succeed in damming the Hearst flood or not remains to be seen; whether it succeeds or not, but much more if it does, already has Mr. Hearst earned his spurs as the Nemesis of the Fatuous.

Hanna capitalism may be revolting.

What capitalism is not! But in the inscrutable ways of Providence, the stars, as the old proverb has it, can not be reached except through brambles.

The path to the Socialist Republic lies through the prickly brambles of capitalism.

But this much is certain about Hanna or Roosevelt capitalism—it is consistent.

Now, then, as inconsistent as Bryan capitalism was, just so inconsistent is the free trade, or Manchester school capitalism.

To want capitalism and at the same time to want Bryanism is

idiotic; equally idiotic it is to want capi-

talism and to want Manchesterism.

In 1896, the Manchester twin idiot of

Bryanism rushed to McKinley.

The breach was then established which the campaign of 1904 was, by the fatuous,

expected to be healed. Obviously it will not be healed. The Manchester capitalists, now calling themselves Democrats, may again have to choose their nearer affinity, as they did in 1896, and wheel in line with the Republican, or out-and-out capitalists.

The Hearst boom may not yet ma-

terialize this year. It looks as if it will.

Yet it may not. But, if not this trip, a

"Hearst boom" is inevitable in the land,

eventually, if not sooner. The camps

into which capitalism is dividing the country demands such a party. It will and must come.

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The camp of the SATISFIED, those

who "stand pat" is bound to be run by

the Republican party. In that camp

"standing pat" means to be capitalist

first, last, and all the time; the free

traders with their Manchester school

vagaries, will have to suppress their no-

ties. The body of the DISSATISFIED will split into two camps. Those who know what they want and understand "what's up" will be found in the camp of the Socialist Labor Party, drilling for future days and deeds. But the far vaster body of the dissatisfied, who do not know what they want, and expect to get it when they "get there," will be appropriated by the Democratic party—the "Hearst boom" party we shall designate it. And who is there so venturesome as to dare deny that such a re-

organized Democracy may not elect its man?

This will shut off the water supply of the whole town as they have no other means of securing a supply. The situation is serious for the 3,000 people who live there. The water has heretofore been pumped into a reservoir and filtered. It looks as if the steel corporation will win as the miners are without funds with which to move away from the town."

This is a clincher against the Socialist disturbers of society. But it is not the only one. The newspapers contain an old story that appears and disappears periodically, now in the garb of "cheaper or 'plentiful money,'" now in the garb of "lower taxes," and so forth—the fallacy of "consumption" as an issue to the

women of the middle classes. It is incumbent on these women to restrict the evils of drinking and gambling among the women in the higher sphere."

In making this statement, the Rev. Shanley attributes to working women an influence they do not possess. Drinking and gambling of the kind described are the results of the useless and showy life, fostered by capitalism. In such life working women do not move. Their husbands having no political, economic, or social prestige to maintain by swell dinners and gaming parties, they cut no figure there. Nor can they, being without a ballot, aid in the overthrow of the system which makes such things possible. They might influence their husbands in such a direction, but that is the last thing the Rev. Shanley desires. The Rev. Shanley has asked working women to do something they cannot do, if they would, and he does not wish them to do, if they could.

This decrease in quantity was offset by an increase in value—chiefly in cotton—amounting to \$1,445,100. This increase in value was gained by the closing down of cotton mills and the reduction of cotton mill wages. It did not bring about that great increase in quantity that would cause the railroads and steamships to require more rolling stock and employees, thus augmenting wages and purchasing power in the transportation industries. On the contrary, requiring less cars and boats for its carriage than the value of last year's crops, it cut down wages and purchasing power in proportion. Thus another prop is gone.

Who wonders, in view of all this, that the reviewer above quoted, concludes his statements with doubts as to export prospects some months hence! Who wonders, in view of all this, that the capitalists are straining every nerve, curtailing every mill and reducing every wage, in a great effort to increase manufacturing exports, in order to end the crisis that is here!

Hanna's death has created a discussion regarding the future of the Civic Federation. It is said that since that body was created solely to advance Hanna's political ambitions it will be superfluous and vanish. Others again contend that Parry will become his successor, as he appears to be the capitalist mouthpiece just now, and is becoming more so every day.

In answer to these contentions, it is well to know that Hanna's primary object in organizing the Civic Federation was to keep the working class in line during the American conquest of Europe. This work—performed, in the first instance, in the interests of the great capitalists—succeeded in its object. The world markets were secured. But in securing them, the inevitable reaction, both against the tactics of the Civic Federation, and the conditions which favored the American invasion, occurred, with the result that Parry's organization sprung up, while the Civic Federation, being unnecessary in enforcing the wage reductions which the trades unions could not resist, finds its occupation gone, and Parry's star, aided by this change, continues to gain ascendancy. When circumstances demand it, another Hanna will arise to relegate Parry to the subordinate position in the capitalist order of things, that is occupied by the interests he represents.

The Hearst boom may not yet ma-

terialize this year. It looks as if it will.

Yet it may not. But, if not this trip, a

CORRESPONDENCE

FOR CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUME NAME WILL ATTACK YOUR NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, EXCEPT THOSE WHO SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NO ONE ELSE WILL BE "COGNIZANT."

THE FRUITS OF PROSPERITY BLOOMING FORTH IN LOS ANGELES.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Capitalist prosperity is busting; Union men are cussing.

Wages are on the downward run—Best days of labor fakirs are over.

Other fakirs are now in clover—

And the crisis has hardly begun.

These lines are more truthful than poetic, as far as they relate to conditions here. The clipping below from the Los Angeles Record scores two decisive points against the capitalists' mouth-pieces in one blow. First: It shows that it is a lie to state that there are two jobs for every workman. Second: It shows that it is a lie to state that those workmen who have no jobs are too lazy to work.

FAKE EMPLOYMENT AGENT FLEES FROM VICTIMS.

"Gibson, Lintott & Co." Said to Have Skipped to Mexico—"Mourners" Gather.

"That most contemptible of sneak-thieves—the bogus employment agent—operated for twenty-five days at 314 W. Second street, and, Sunday night disappeared. He got between one hundred and two hundred victims and cleared up anywhere from \$200 to \$500. There is no way to make a close estimate of his crooked work, for the 'mourners' come and go home and do not return to see if he has come back, such are wise enough to save their steps."

"Jan. 5, a young man not more than thirty—with a man old enough to have been his father, rented the property at 314 West Second street, paying a month's rent in advance. They hoisted a big sign—"Gibson, Lintott & Co. Employment Agency." They got the sign from J. V. Svetman, sign painter, in the rear of the building in which the fake agency was located. Svetman didn't know it at the time, but it is a fact that he painted the sign absolutely free of charge."

"A few days after the odd-looking firm opened the 'employment bureau,' the young man, Gibson, announced that he had bought out his partner. A new 'partner' appeared on the scene in the shape of a woman, who claimed to be Mrs. Gibson, wife. In this respect, too, Gibson's choice was odd, for the 'wife' had gray hair and a lack of the flush of youth."

"Gibson did a rushing business. His little shop crowded most of the time. He offered many attractive positions, but never seemed to send his people there in time and the money they had paid him—anywhere from fifty cents to five dollars—was 'applied on a future chance.'

Sunday evening Mrs. Gibson called on the family of A. Goldhaber, agent for the building, and told them she was going to Santa Monica. Tuesday Goldhaber said he believed the couple had gone to Mexico.

"They swindled a great many," said the agent. "Many people, men and women, came to look for him yesterday and more of them came this morning. Most of them looked like very poor people and some of the women were crying over losing their money."

"Monday, some of the crowd broke down the door, but they did not disturb the furniture when they learned it did not belong to the man who had swindled them."

When we see working people not only anxious to get jobs, but willing to pay a few dollars for them, we are justified in calling capitalist defenders and Socialist denouncers just what they are, plain and every-day liars.

In connection with the above, I wish to add the following: Some time ago a man came to town and rented rooms in a first street office building, next to The Times. He advertised that he was a doctor and needed an office attendant to whom he would pay \$14 a week, but as he needed a responsible person he would have to request a cash deposit of \$50. He left town over \$1,000 ahead, and twenty or twenty-five ambitious young American men and women to meet, expecting to take charge of his office, but instead to grieve and cry over his sudden desarture. Capitalism takes the whole bakeshop for developing rogues, and it will continue so until the working people arouse themselves, and, by voting for the S. L. P., overthrow the capitalist system and establish the Socialist Republic.

At present Los Angeles is crowded with unemployed. The employment bureaus are crowded, and along the adjacent streets men walk to and fro watching the blackboards in the hope that something will turn up. Warm sunshine, beautiful flowers, the rift of down, or evening twilight, have no attraction for this nomad swarm of workers in their endless hunt for a steady job.

H. J. S.

Santa Monica, Cal., Feb. 5.

CONDITIONS IN VANCOUVER.

To The Daily and Weekly People:

Section Vancouver, British Columbia, is still on the warpath. A number of our missionaries are in the city for the winter from the bush, mines, snow sheds, and railroad building, with a few agricultural and other laborers of the wharf and longshore type—fishermen, mechanics, and some of the retiring class, the wage slave exploiting element, with a correct knowledge of where they will be in the near future.

The weather being rather humid at this time of the year, here in Vancouver, we don't hold regular outdoor meetings; but

he declared himself a Socialist. That was all I wanted to know.

The revolutionary organization that attempts to build a new ship of State out of any old kind of material will fall flat when the time for administration comes. According to McKee any political trickster, any ward healer, any sorehead, any thief, any fakir—in fact, anything can get in his party. Its cry is "Fake members!"

Does that party's members ever stop to think what the harvest will be? Can the hope that Socialists carry in their breast ever be realized by a party that allows any one within its ranks? Will the "beautiful dream," which we hear so much about ever become a reality at the hands of such a crew?

I say "No!"

The most vital point to a revolutionary organization is to look well to the timber that is being put into the structure. Look well to the foundation, the frame, and the covering.

That is what the S. L. P. is doing and thus far it has done it well. We have the great primeval forest of American manhood before us that has never been touched with a true man's axe. We will continue to select timber from it, and out of its many strength we will build the ship of State that will usher in the Co-operative Commonwealth when the chains of our class will be broken.

Speed the day when honest men will see the difference.

At the McKee meeting we gave away a few hundred leaflets.

A. W.
Red Bluff, Cal., Feb. 7, 1904.

PRESS AIDS LABOR FAKIRS TO STEAL S. L. P. PRESTIGE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—The following letter was sent by Section Louisville, S. L. P., to both "The Evening Times" and "The Louisville Herald," both of which, however, refused publication, no doubt for fear of the local "labor fakirs":

"Jan. 25, '04.

"Mr. Editor:—In a recent issue of the Journal of Labor (official organ of Central Labor Union) there appeared in big headlines the statement that the 'Employers' Association,' the 'Democratic Machine' and the 'Socialist Labor Party' were all three defeated in the election of officers to the central body.

"Leaving the Employers' Association and Democratic Machine to take care of themselves, we desire most emphatically to resent that portion of the article which refers to the Socialist Labor Party. Recognizing the fact that the local labor fakirs would give us no space to state the truth in their own paper (Journal of Labor) we trust 'The Evening Times' will grant us such space. The editor of the Journal of Labor, James McGill, willfully and knowingly lies when he states that the Socialist Labor Party was defeated, for the Socialist Labor Party has never had a delegate in the central body, and never will have.

"The constitution of the S. L. P. forbids every member, under penalty of expulsion, from accepting any office in a pure and simple trade union, or any union affiliating with the American Federation of Labor, as we recognize the fact that all these organizations are pro-capitalist institutions, consequently sharing all the corruption and impurities of capitalism. It is little wonder that in such atmosphere freaks and frauds of the Gompers, Mitchell and McGill type are bred who ride the labor movement for revenue only.

"The Central Labor Union of Louisville is a veritable cesspool of corruption, in which no self-respecting revolutionary Socialist would remain even a moment, for 'boring from within' there would really mean 'wallowing in the mire.'

"Since the statement has often been made that not all the delegates to the central body are 'fakirs,' Section Louisville has repeatedly challenged the entire membership of that body to debate with representatives of the S. L. P. This offer is still open to date.

"It must be understood, however, that such a debate must be purely intellectual, the usual central body arguments, such as pistols, knives and brass knuckles, being barred.

"Yours for the truth,
"Section Louisville, S. L. P.
"Lorenz Kleinhenz, Org."

So much for the letter. Now, the comrades here know full well why McGill said the S. L. P. was defeated, when in fact only a few freakish S. P.'s and a bunch of "would-be" fakirs were routed.

He (McGill), like all consistent fakirs, naturally has only contempt for "the borers from within," whereas he has always feared the S. L. P. The fact that he has never been able to "use" our organization like the "borers" has many times filled him and his pals with impotent rage, yet "Jim" was always wise enough to keep away from the teeth of the buzzaw. This rage now will strike the poor borers, for in the last issue of "The Journal of Labor" editorially Jim says that now the borers will all be cast out of the central body, for "Socialism and Trade Unionism" can never harmonize, and never will. And this is the most truthful statement that "The Journal of Labor" has ever made, for that is what the S. L. P. found out long ago, namely, that genuine Socialism can and will never mix with pro-capitalist unionism of the A. F. of L. type, and consequently any delegate who ever appeared at the A. F. of L. annual powwow, or in any of the central bodies, and claimed to be a Socialist must be either a freak or a faker, or both.

For a Socialist to appear as delegate to a Republican, Democratic or Populist convention would be just as logical as to appear as delegate for a pure and simple trade union, for the one, like the other,

believes in the brotherhood of capital and labor.

Later.—The Louisville borers, fearing McGill's big foot, have withdrawn from the central body and organized a new central body, where they intend to bore some more. The chances are that they will bore the new body to death before it fully ripens, but in the meantime it would be in order to make Cronk's "Weekly Fireman and Policeman's Hand Bill" the official organ of the new tape-worm.

Press Committee,
Socialist Labor Party,
Louisville, Ky.

Ky., Feb. 12.

A PROTEST.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I wish to make a protest against freakish articles being published in The Daily and Weekly People.

The article which I have reference to is the local platform of Section Bradock, Pa., which appeared in The Weekly People of Feb. 6, 1904.

The platform starts with the definition of Socialism in the first part, and in the second part it finishes with the following:

"While we aim at nothing short of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and wholly endorse the national platform of the S. L. P., we present the following plans for immediate thorough reform:

Right here is a freakish contradiction. How can a Section of the S. L. P. endorse the revolutionary platform of the S. L. P. and then present to the working class a set of cheap Bourgeois reforms?

Then the demands follow. In the second demand they want \$2 a day for 8 hours as the minimum wage. Why, say, that's about the cheapest thing that ever happened. Why the pure and simple union demands that for common labor?

The fourth demand reads: "The Borthough shall establish a coal yard which shall supply the people with fuel at cost price?"—a la Appeal to Reason.

Eighth demand: "We demand that political economy be taught in the public schools." What kind of political economy—Capitalism, or Socialism?

The last paragraph, which is the clear-cut part of the programme, is copied word for word, with no quotation marks and nobody given credit for it. I don't think that quite the proper thing to do, do you?

Bert Jacobson.
Seattle, Wash., Feb. 9.

HOW THE SOUTHERNS TREAT SOCIALISTS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I write this to let the comrades of the country know how the Southerns in Alabama treat a person for expressing Socialist sentiment.

On Feb. 4 I was standing on the Mobile & Ohio dock talking to a number of workmen about the condition of our class. I told them that any man or set of men who were forever going about damning the black man or workers of other nationalities was responsible for a part of the cause of the workingmen's miserable condition that existed to-day. I had no sooner said that than one ignorant Southerner stepped back, picked up a brick, and threw it in my face injuring me severely. Needless to say, no arrest was made as my assailant had only "done up" a Socialist.

The pure and simple here were jubilant over my being assaulted. There are a number of them working around the cotton and timber boats. These pure and simple will not admit negroes into their union, and they threatened to throw me into the river one day because I told them that their union would never be a success while it barred any division of the working class from membership.

He (the Southerner) showed that then there might have been some sense in organizing upon the basis of mutual interest of capital and labor, because the two had not as yet been differentiated from each other and from the point of progress they had also a common enemy to fight—the feudal lord. But to-day the capitalist class is the ruling class, and the working class is the oppressed class, and between these there can be no community of interest whatsoever.

Instead of the workers organizing upon the basis of mutual interest of employer and employee, they must organize upon the basic principle of antagonism between the two—upon the class struggle.

It was then shown how the old mode of trade unions breed fakirdom; in fact, that they themselves were fake institutions. With these the speaker contrasted the aims, methods and means of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, and laid great stress upon the fact that in order for the workers to accomplish their own emancipation, or even hold their own in the everyday struggle, they must be thoroughly class-conscious—they must understand the class struggle.

Several questions were asked upon the position of the Alliance in the labor movement, and were answered by the speaker.

Press Committee.

CLEVELAND (OHIO) LECTURES.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., has arranged for the following lectures:

Sunday, February 21.—"Attitude of the S. L. P. Towards Trades Unionism," Speaker, F. Seymour.

Sunday, March 6.—"Effect of Machinery on the Working Class," Speaker, John Kircher.

These lectures take place at 3 p. m. at Section Hall, 356 Ontario street, top floor (German-American Bank Building). All workingmen, and their friends and especially the readers of The Weekly People are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

FOR THE GERMAN PARTY ORGAN.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., will give a jolly entertainment and ball for the benefit of the German party organ, on Tuesday, Feb. 23, at Finkbeiner's Hall, corner Starkweather and Pelton avenues, commencing at 8 p. m.

A fine programme will be rendered and all kinds of refreshments served. Three valuable prizes will be given away as follows:

First prize—An elegant \$45 New Home sewing machine.

Second prize—A fine mandolin and case.

Third prize—A box of fine cigars.

Tickets are ten cents a person and can be had from all comrades and at the office of "Cleveland Volksfreund," 103 Champlain street, corner of Seneca.

Comrades, do your best to make this affair a great success.

LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.

T. P., COLUMBUS, O.—The "Manchester School" is the name given to that branch of capitalist theory that imagines the competitive period of capitalism, with all its glories, is ideal and for all time. The Manchesterians abominate the trust phenomenon and, of course, gaze at it as a cow does at a comet. As a result of their theory, the Manchesterians are dogmatic free traders, and metaphysical anarchists on the subject of decentralization of government.

T. F. N., RUTLAND, VT.—As to that the Simonses played a scurvy trick on Kautsky. By translating his "Reform and Revolution" they left his nonsense untouched as well as his sense, and exposed him on the former. The so-called "Kautsky pamphlets" that the S. L. P. issued in 1894 saved him and themselves on that score. All the nonsense was left out of them. Thus he was known only on his sound side. But hereby hangs a joke. When the Kangaroo split came on, the old plates of these "Kautsky pamphlets" remained in the hands of the Volkszeitung Corporation, and the corporation had a new set of pamphlets struck from them, and tried to sell them. Thus, while it was denouncing the S. L. P. in particular and De Leon who adapted the pamphlets to America, in general, the corporation was Timboocooishly trying to sell S. L. Pism.

P. L., NEW YORK—Dr. Halpern,

the Social-Democratic party's standing candidate in the Fourth Assembly Dis-

cutive, is not a citizen and refuses to be one. For that matter, it is doubtful

whether a single Social-Democratic can-

didate in the Jewish East Side is a citizen.

E. C., PERKINSVILLE, VT.—There

is no such thing as getting up a leaflet

on wages and profits so as to "defy refutation." People, who are in to "refute," refute only all the more violently

the more crushing the facts are.

E. S. C., LINCOLN, NEB.—The question is well put. Yes. We believe

the Volkszeitung corporation would like

to keep the Socialist movement back in

this country, so as not to have the move-

ment here go ahead of Germany.

